

The Review.

PETER PORCUPINE.

SEQUITURQUE PATREM HAUD
PASSIBUS AEQUIS.

The Grandson of His Grandfather
Finds the Old Man's Pen and
Polishes it Up.

Non me Impune Lacesit.

"Once there lived a man, a satirist
and in the natural course of time his
friends slew him and he died.

The people came and stood about his
corpse.

"He treated the whole round world
as his football," they said, "and he kick-
ed it."

The dead man opened his eyes.
"But always toward the goal," he
said.—Schwartz.



MARK HANNA should be allowed
to write the next Republican
national platform. As a mixer
of political cocktails suited to
the taste of the infinite variety he
would be an eminent success. The
plank advocating "a full dinner pail"
would have a particularly pleasing
sound and ought to win thousands
of votes. There is no doubt that Marcus
has a great and tender heart, and
that he is almost the only true friend
of the working man in America.

NOT very often do we hear of a
man who breaks jail and then
returns to be hauled before the
courts that justice may be done
him. A story comes from Darlington
in reference to the pranks of one
Daniel Miller, which landed him in
the body of the village bastille, where
it was intended he should spend the
night. Very early in the morning a
friend of his came down to console
him from the outside, and in the very
early dawn he whispered: "Oh, Dan?"
There was no reply, and the friend
knew that Daniel had fled. He at
once hunted up the marshall and suc-
ceeded in getting a bet out of him
that Dan was still there dead or alive.
When the door was unlocked no Dan
was found. He had turned off the
gas, took off the pipes and pried his
way into the chimney, clambered up
and out at the top and was gone.
The marshall paid his bet and gently
swore. But about eight o'clock a
telegram was received from a Colfax
attorney saying that he would be
there with the prisoner for trial on
the next train. Dan evidently be-
lieves in legal advice on such occa-
sions.

I HAVE often noticed what a fool
it makes of a fellow who has noth-
ing himself save the clothes on
his back, when he happens to
marry some money, or a relative is
condescending enough to die and
leave him a wad. He blossoms out at
once into what Sut Lovingood would
call a "nat'ral born durn fool," and he
swells up like a toad in a fly trap.
He becomes a disgusting piece of
bric-a-brac to everyone who comes
into contact with him. He becomes
a wise man suddenly. But as the
years pass on he is more likely to be
found in a poor house than the other
fellow.

IN the Philippine islands we have a
counterpart in each island of
Devil's Island, where Dreyfus
was so long confined. In order to
keep peace over there we will be com-
pelled to keep a bayonet and a gat-
ling gun for every one hundred
natives. The guards of the Philipin-
os are suffering worse than the
guarded. The American soldier is
the victim in this case. He is expos-
ed to heat, and rain, pestilence and
fever, mud and insects, while the
Filippino enjoys such things. The
private soldier is getting the worst of
it, while those who are responsible
for the trouble sit back and draw
dividends on the investments which
the soldier guards, or enjoys the lux-
uries of civilization, while the soldier
on a mere stipend, braves death. The
Philippines are an aggravated case of
Devil's Island for the American
soldier.

POETS are found everywhere. They
are not confined to poets laure-
ate from Indianapolis, nor to the
pawpaw patches of Ripley town-
ship, but they are indigenous to the
soil of Hoosierdom. Poets in Indiana
are thick as galinippers in New Jer-
sey, and like Elmore, of Ripley, they
can write on any theme. I was fur-
nished the other day an effort written
by a Montgomery county boy now in
Porto Rico which has for its theme
the celebrated canned beef of Armour,
Swift, Egan, Alger & Co. I repro-
duce it below, where in the language
of the late Bayl-ss W. Hanna, "It
may henceforth flash its rays, not for
Montgomery county alone but for the
whole nation, etc."

A soldier fed by Egan lay dying—no relief,
There was lack of woman's cooking—too much
of Alger's beef,
But a comrade bent beside him to hear what he
might say.
The comrade, he was all bent up—he had it the
same way.
The dying soldier rallied as he grasped his com-
rade's flu,
And said: "Beware of Alger's beef pressed in
McKinley tin,
Take a message and a token to some distant
friends of mine.
For I was fed on putrid beef, not Bacon on the
Rind."

"When you 'break the news to mother,' give
her this can of beef,
A token from my knapsack; it may bring some
relief,
For if without a funeral, her sorrow can't be
calmed,
Just bury this instead of me, for it has been
embalmed,
And have them dig the grave as deep or deeper
than a man,
And if my Billy goat's alive, don't let him get
the can;
Then on my tombstone don't forget to add one
little line
Explaining it was putrid beef, not Bacon on the
Rind."

"Tell my sister she can't weep too much, and
sob and cry.
For though I was a soldier boy and not afraid to
die,
Yet I'm even robbed of chance for glory by this
fake,
I cannot 'en be shot to death, but must die of
stomach ache,
And if they do not bury this, and hang it on the
wall,
To show my friends and relatives whenever they
may call,
I say, if she should hang it where the big green
flies may dine,
Just warn the flies it's putrid beef, not Bacon on
the Rind."

"And when they choose a Senator way up in
Michigan,
O, have them choose some other chump besides
that Alger man.
Tell my brothers and companions and all con-
genial souls
To tell my mournful story to the voters at the
polls,
How we fought the battle bravely, how not a
mother's son
Had disobeyed an order nor tried to break and
run;
How when we'd fought his battles with courage
most divine
He fed us on this putrid beef, not Bacon on the
Rind."

His voice grew weak and weaker for just about
a week,
Then writhing with convulsions he had to cease
to speak,
His comrades had writ down his words that they
might be read,
And the soldier fed by Egan, in a foreign land
was dead,
And the great voice of the people rose with a
mighty rush,
And they formed a beef commission with a
mighty whitewash brush,
Yea, calmly with that whitewash brush, they
fixed things up so fine
They made these rations really look like Bacon
on the Rind.

A FEW days ago I noticed an edi-
torial in an administration pa-
per published not a thousand
miles from Crawfordsville, that
set forth the proposition that "trusts
were preferable to soup houses." The
editor should enlighten himself on
matters so as to be able to speak in-
telligently. He is utterly devoid of a
mind of his own and draws his inspi-
ration from Mark Hanna. How any
citizen, not to say a moulder of public
opinion residing so near to the result
of the trust as the editor does to the
trust-closed nail mill at Crawfords-
ville, and who has the hardihood to
defend trusts is surely "fit for treason-
stratagems and spoils."

COL. ROOSEVELT, who plunged
into publicity and the governor's
office of the Empire State on the
back of a bucking broncho, is
developing into one of the most blat-
tant of the many blatherskites that
bless this crank cursed country. Ap-
parently he is laboring under the
painfully pathetic delusion that the
commonwealth would go to immedi-
ate and irreparable ruin were it not
for his guiding and supporting wis-
dom. He seems to forget that the
country moved along successfully be-
fore he was ushered into this vale of
tears and will probably continue to do
so long after the people have found
other wearers for his official shoes. A
man whose blood is essentially Dutch
should not be too swift in setting up
a standard by which the patriotism of
Americans is to be judged. A little
more liberality and less phariseism on
the part of Mr. Roosevelt would be
quite becoming. Really the great ma-
jority of Americans, North, South,
East and West, earnestly desire the
wellfare of their country, and if need
be would "spill their blood in her de-
fense, quite as readily as would Mr.
Roosevelt.

HOW curious it is that some fellows
who were never known to pay a
debt if they could by any pos-
sibility dodge the issue, can get
credit and owe everybody, while the
man who pays as he goes and never
asks credit will get turned down with
an angry snap when he does happen
to ask for a little time? It must be
that men like to be hoodooed by dead
beats, so that they can tell in after
years how much they have lost by
trusting men. For my part, I would
not be suspicious of a man who had
always paid his debts, had never been
sued, and for a time was playing in
hard luck. It would be the other
fellow I would be scared of. As the
business world is now constituted,
men seem to admire the bankrupt and
the scoundrel, more than the honest
man, and trust him further. But then
it is a strange world.

THE recent surrender of a part of
General White's command in
South Africa is a stinging blow
to British pride. When a flag is
hoisted too hastily by haughty hands,
it may be hauled down as hurriedly by
humbled ones. The business of spread-
ing liberty and enlightenment by the
sword has been entered upon a little
too enthusiastically in recent times.
It is becoming quite the mode, as it
were. Civilization is not spread by
the sword. It progresses in spite of
it. He who thinks otherwise is not
unlikely to experience some bloody
checks in his philanthropic enterprise.
The leopard does not change his spots
nor can the character of a people be
changed in a day.

THE Crawfordsville romancer who
sent in a cock-and-bull story
about Rev. A. L. Murray, of Al-
len Chapel A. M. E. church, to the
Indianapolis News in regard to
resolutions at the conference at Craw-
fordsville, endorsing McKinley, has
been called down by the colored
brother. Mr. Murray says that he
was not chairman of the conference,
and further that no such resolutions
were passed while he was present,
therefore he could have experienced
no such emotions of extreme disgust
as depicted by the versatile corres-
pondent. Thus comes to an end an-
other heroic effort to make cheap
political capital out of nothing. It is
sad, but true; and the too fresh young
man has received a terrible jab in the
spot where he is supposed to carry his
reputation for veracity.

WE often hear of the "up-to-date
church." By that expression
I suppose is meant a place
where Jesus Christ would not
show himself, and where his spirit
could not be discovered with a 10,000
diameter microscope; a place where
worth and manhood are discerned by
the cut of the clothes and their qual-
ity. The preacher of such a church is
an emasculated individual, polite as a
dancing master, dressed like a fashion
plate, as smooth as a confidence man,
stuffed full of platitudes and gener-
alities, whose voice is a high soprano,
who can tell meaningless stories with
all the grace of a peripatetic evan-
gelist. His library contains all the
latest helps and literature, which
savors not of the divine and holy,
but is calculated to smooth down the
rough places along the path to glory.
This preacher is the conductor of all
the entertainments of the church.
He takes the burden from the should-
ers of the people, and furnishes them
an hour's entertainment each Sunday,
preaches a sermon when they die
which is an open sesame to the palace
of the king (for what could resist such
pathetic pleading), marries them in
the latest approved style, gossips
with them daily, but who has forgot-
ten just what they have hired him to
forget—"Christ and Him crucified."
His hold on the up-to-date church
depends on carefully avoiding the
truth as it is written in the Scriptures.
He is supplying the demand made on
the olden prophet by degenerate
Judea of "Prophecy unto us smooth
things." And yet we hear wonder
expressed in many quarters at the de-
generacy of the church as a whole.
The trouble is we have too many up-
to-date churches, and not enough
such as Christ established; too many
up-to-date preachers who know more
about Hall Caine's "Christian,"
"David Harum" and the latter day
output of novels, than they do about
the Old Book, and as a result see
Jeremiah x; 19-22. In every church
it is "like people, like priest." The
preacher has to be a giant in firmness
if he withstands the pressure of his
congregation. He must yield to their
demands and stultify his profession,
and do violence to his conscience, or
move. He must stand in with the
cinch clubs and dancing clubs, or go.
"Like people, like priest" or the pul-
pit of the up-to-date church is empty.
A ministry of two or three years suf-

fices for the preacher who will not
yield from the truth. Many pulpits
are being filled by weak men to-day
because only the weak man yields to
the demands made by modern society.
A milk-and-water angel can never
compete with an alert and wide awake
devil, hence we hear complaints
about the innocuous duestude of the
church militant. When the church
secures a godly man, a truthful man,
one who preaches the gospel and
hews to the line, letting the chips
fall where they may, the conservative
element should see that that man is
upheld and sustained, if the names of
every card player, dancer, sly drinker,
fornicator and swearer is dropped
from the rolls. The church would
perhaps not be up-to-date, but it
would at least command the respect
of the public, and the strong, fearless
man, the one who cannot be gagged
and brow-beaten, but who preaches
the Word, and insists on holy living
will win the battle and gain a stand-
ing for the church, never to be at-
tained by the modern "up-to-date"
affair. With this the universal rule
the pulpits would soon be cleared of
weaklings, and strong men would
fill their places, and no further alarm
would be occasioned over the degen-
eracy of the church.

ALMOST as much noise is being
made in destroying the "bloody
shirt" as was once made in wav-
ing it. The motive, however, is
more patriotic and far more commend-
able. Who would feed the flames of
sectional hatred is an enemy to his
country and to man, and yet many
who posed as wise and patriotic
statesmen, for a quarter of a century
bent every effort to the end that hate
might be rendered undying, and no
would be allowed to heal. In the
name of patriotism they injected a
deadly virus into the veins of their
country, that they might profit from
her distress. That sectional strife is
at an end and bitterness is swallowed
up in mutual respect and confidence
is no fault of those who were greater
enemies to the country than those
who drew the sword against her.
There is no longer room on American
soil for the jackal who would tear
open ranking wounds, or the hyena
who would dig open the grave of that
which is well buried and best forgot-
ten. The memory of the gallant
deeds of those who fought and fell
can never perish, and all honor is
their due, and that debt is gladly
paid by a grateful people. Such re-
membrance is ennobling, but it is as
noble to be able to forget and forgive
deeds done in the heat of passion,
and acts committed from a mistaken
sense of duty and stained by deepest
error. From this lesson of the past
we have learned our strength, and
that we are truly one people. It that
knowledge we may well rejoice, and
while looking to the future enjoy the
fruits of the freedom bought with
our father's blood.

SAMUEL MORSS, of the Indian-
apolis Sentinel, is bidding for
the position of delegate to the
national convention. Sam is a
Democrat, no doubt; a smooth Demo-
crat who succeeds in inducing a lot
of impecunious Democratic editors
over the state to give their own paper
away, and circulate his at so much
per circulate. Editors who have
been caught on the pin hook will per-
haps live to regret their rashness.
The Sentinel will live after their bones
have gone to the newspaper bone
yard to occupy a grave dug by the edi-
tors themselves. We expect this
paper to live and reach every sub-
scriber 52 times next year, hence we
will not give it away in order to get
men to take the Sentinel. We will
take your subscription for that paper
of course, but at the regulation price.
The Sentinel is not our creditor to
the extent that we have to strangle
ourselves to lift the obligation.

BRO. OSTRUM took a bat at the
Crawfordsville press the other
day, but so far no leaks have
been discovered in the boilers
nor dents in the armor plate. By the
way what does the good brother know
about the press of this city anyhow?
He has been lauded by it far beyond
the measure he deserves. His meet-
ings have been reported and given
due prominence, all for nothing while
he will walk off with the cash. Bro.
Ostrum is no doubt a "gude mon," no
one will call his sincerity into ques-
tion, but he has been around the world
long enough not to deliberately run
up against a proposition like the press.
It is bigger than he is; it stays in a
town after he is gone; it has an op-
portunity to analyze his work and see
whether it is good or not. The press
of Crawfordsville has been kind in-
deed to Bro. Ostrum. He is mistaken
when he says the press of this city is
vile. He should not use language so

GOING OUT OF BUSINESS....

The people of Crawfordsville, Montgomery County and sur-
rounding counties will be interested in learning that Mr. Edward
Warner has decided to go out of the Clothing business. They will
be vitally interested because it will effect their pocketbooks—be-
cause, before retiring, Mr. Warner intends to conduct the

LARGEST CLOSING OUT SALE

Ever known in the history of Crawfordsville. A \$35,000
stock of the finest

Clothing, Hats, Caps,
Gents' Furnishings, Etc.,

Will positively be placed on the altar of low prices and sacrificed at
absolute cost. Everything goes—counters, fixtures, etc.

HERE ARE A FEW OF THE PRICES:

Overcoats.	Underwear.
Vermont Frieze, worth \$5 00 for..... \$ 2 25	A large lot of odds and ends wall worth 50c at..... 25
Black and blue beavers well worth \$6 00 for..... 3 50	Regular 50c Camel's Hair at Best fleeced lined 16-lb goods in blue and natural at.... 40
Heavy Chinchillas, in blue worth \$6 00 for..... 4 00	Balbriggans in blue and brown, worth 75c, at..... 45
Extra heavy beaver, in blue and black, worth \$7 00 for... 5 00	Sheard's all wool health un- derwear, \$1 25, at..... 80
Fine Covert cloth, made up in extrawide facing, satin bound fancy check black, sells ev- erywhere for \$8 00 for..... 5 00	very best Australian wool in blue, tan and natural, \$1 50 goods, at..... 1 00
Kersey beaver in black, blue, and brown, satin bound, good value at \$10 00 for..... 7 00	Men's Suits.
Raw edged English Kersey, worth \$12 00 for..... 8 00	Men's Union, 60 per cent. wool suits, cheap at \$5.00 at..... \$ 2 50
Extra fine English Kersey, ele- gantly tailored, worth \$14 00 for..... 10 00	Men's blue and black chevi- ots and clay worsted pat- terns, well worth \$6.00, at... 3 00
Fine Kersey Beaver in blue and black, wide facing, satin yoke and sleeves, worth \$15 00 for 12 00	Regular all wool cassimeres Darville and South Bend woolen mill goods, worth \$8 to \$10, at..... 5 00
Extra fine quality Kersey Bea- ver, equal to finest merchant tailored garment, worth \$20 for..... 15 00	Wendell's celebrated cassi- meres, all wool, elegantly made and trimmed, worth \$8, \$12 and \$14, at..... 7 00

We Want Your Trade.

EDWARD WARNER

One Price Clothier and Hatter.

recklessly. The press will not make a
martyr of him by quarreling with
him, but on the other hand will bid
him God speed wherever he may go.
It will heap upon his head blessings,
and hope that he has sowed good seed
here, but he should not allow himself
to break forth in railing at his best
friend in the next town he visits.

LIKE the way in which the Elk-
hart Truth deals with the narrow
partisanship of the Ligonier Ban-
ner. The Banner makes the de-
claration that "whenever a paper gets
to a point that it is just a little better
than its party, it is a good time to drop
it," to which the Truth comes back as
follows:

"What nonsense! The time has
gone by when such rot can be cram-
med down the throats of free born
Americans. The newspaper that is no
better than its party is edited by ei-
ther a fool or a knave. The paper that
is no better than its party is hand in
hand with all the thieves and crook-
edness of the professional partisan
politician, a man to be distrusted. The
paper that is no better than its party
is no better than the worst element of
that party for it is invariably the most
in evidence and passes for the party
itself. The paper that is no better
than its party stands ready to condone
and conceal any case of official de-
lection or maladministration on the
part of its party leaders for the party's
sake. The paper that is no better
than its party is without a mission
and unfit to live."

WHAT a lot of stuff "Old Glory"
floats over to-day in the name
of God, humanity, liberty,
good government, prosperity,
and so forth. She floats over slavery
on the island of Cuba. She shadows
with her tri-color folds a despicable
contract labor system in the Sandwich
Islands. She flutters above and pro-
tects lust and polygamy, superstition
and ignorance in the Sulu archipelago
where slavery and the degradation of
woman is the religion of the people.
At home it flaps above the heads of
the worst gang of hoodlums that ever
cursed the fair face of mother earth.
Led by Mark Hanna, the Mephistoph-
eles of modern politics, they would
loot the Goddess of Liberty of her
ear rings and garter buckles, and peel
the gold leaf from the dome of the

capitol. It floats over and protects
several hundred thousand smaller
hoodlums who will sell their franchise
that an oligarchy of boodles may be
established on the ruins of what was
once the "land of the free and home
of the brave." The flag is in the
clutches of the most disreputable
band of howling dervishes that could
be found. "Holy banner of the free,"
they call it, and pointing to its starry
sheen they go through the pockets of
the victim while he stares with wide
open mouth at the flag. They say in
order to uphold the banner, the ad-
ministration must be upheld. They
have their price for which their souls
would go if offered, and they believe
every other man would sell himself if
the bid be high enough. The flag
means liberty and slavery, monogamy
and polygamy, Mohammed and
Christ, Paganism and Christianity,
civilization and barbarism, depending
on its location at the present. Look-
ing forward through the clouds which
veil the future who can say what will
come next from these Bashi Bazouks
of American politics? The star
spangled banner—how long will it
wave o'er the land of the fool and the
home of the slave?

FROM LaPorte county comes a tale
of impecuniousness, which was
at the time made the subject of
a sermon, short, but to the point,
by a minister whose collection baskets
came back empty from a tour through
the large congregation. He gazed
with tear-dimmed eyes on the baskets
as the deacons silently set them in
the corner, and then with trembling
voice said: "Experience may be a
dear teacher, but the members of this
particular flock who have experienced
religion have accomplished it at a very
trifling cost. The choir will sing the
79th hymn, omitting the first
third and fourth verses in order to
save unnecessary wear on the organ."

Yours Observantly,
PETER PORCUPINE, JR.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.
To quit tobacco easily and forever, be mag-
netic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-
Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men
strong. All druggists, 50c or \$1. Cure guaran-
teed. Booklet and sample free. Address
Syring Remedy Co., Chicago or New York